

Clogswell

"I neither despise nor fear"

April 1997

COGSWELL COURIER

VOLUME NO. 1

SPRING



ISSUE

APRIL 1997

DISCOVERY AND RESCUE OF A HOME PART III (The Conclusion) by Lt. Commander Reginald James Cogswell, RN

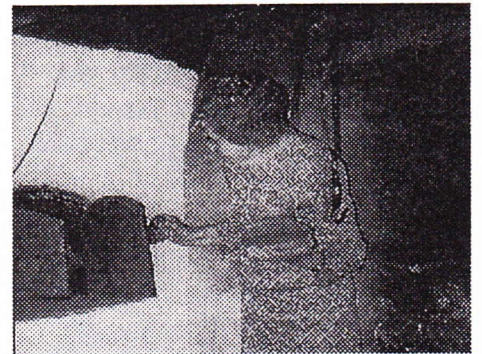
Peter and Mary Jones had plenty to do besides researching into the story of their home. Clearing away the unsightly accumulation of ages was only the beginning of the job. The House is L shaped, one wing being a small angle to the street, the other projecting back towards steeply rising ground. Part of the street frontage is a sub-wing projecting out from the main part. The ground floor part of that is now the kitchen; what it was in Cogswell times we can only guess. Whatever it was it was certainly not the kitchen, there is plenty of evidence of that being elsewhere. My guess is that the Cogswells, being business men, used that particular part of the house as an office. They needed space to show their products and to examine samples of wool; good light would be essential for both. There would be transport contractors to interview as well as the managers of their outlying properties. Fellow clothiers would call to rail against the restrictive practices of wool sellers and cloth buyers, and the taxes payable on the selling of cloth - a sort of old time Value Added Tax - and the common informers who made a living in reporting suspected evasion of those cloth taxes. And as that sub-wing gives a good outlook on the street they would be able

to see unwelcome callers approaching and so have time to dodge out of the way. Just like business men of nowadays; business is business all the world over in any age. Another advantage in using that space as an office was that callers on business could enter it from the front door without intruding very much into the private part of the house. Finally, rampaging kids might be kept out of the way to some extent when weighty matters were under discussion.

Now it is a kitchen. A kitchen with modern cooking and home laundry appliances. The floor "as found" has been covered with very hard non-slip tiles in a warmly tinted shade of pale brown. There is also an oil-fired boiler for central heating and hot water supply. But it is still part of a very old house; all the gleaming bright metal and shining enamel has not hidden that or taken away from it the dignity of age.

The ground floor room at the corner between the street frontage and the other wing was the original kitchen. It has an oven for baking bread (see pic #1) and a fireplace opening as big as the one in the living room.

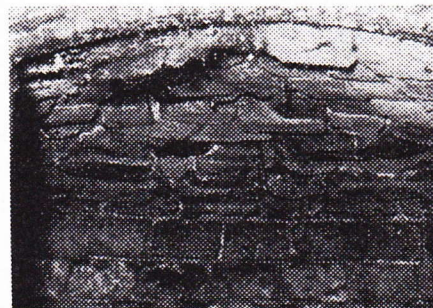
This opening is about a yard deep and has a small oven (see pic #2) formed in the thickness of the side brickwork. Standing in the opening it is possible to look up the chimney and see a



2. Baking oven near cooking fireplace

square of sky. Except that that room has been cleared and made pleasing to look at it has not been brought into full use. It would make a good place for the Jones boys and their confederates to dance with their girl friends; if the night chanced to be hot the open chimney would give good ventilation. But that chimney needs some sort of adjustable draught restrictor for the use in winter otherwise Peter and Mary Jones will waste their fuel oil in warming the sky.

Leading out of that space and



1. Bread oven in kitchen

Continued on page 3

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

By Bernice Sonna . . .



Final plans for our 1997 reunion at the Cogswell College in Sunnyvale is included; be sure to save the enclosure for all information and instructions.

Secretary Claire reports a few new members; total count is 228. Canadian member, Malcolm Cogswell of Quebec has voluntarily mailed out 250 invitations to Canadian addresses to join the CFA. There has been some positive response, and we are all hoping for more. Our 1998 reunion in Nova Scotia will be hosted by Malcom and we sincerely hope to have equal numbers representing both sides of our common border.

No vital record notices have been received for the April Courier. Have no marriages or births occurred within the last three months? No loss by death? Have none of our children done anything worthy of sharing? Your Editor has designs to make our newsletter a chronicle of the pre-

sent as well as the past, in order to prevent the news that isn't "new" becoming "stuffy" and uninteresting; keeping a balance. All too soon we ALL become history, and what better way to record some of our main events than to share with our members TODAY in the Courier. Since copies of each edition are kept on record, who knows where in the future they will be found.

I have much historical material to share in the Courier, and since we have just had the history of our Westbury Leigh ancestral home, (and a bio of the writer), the next series will begin in August with the story of the churches attended by those who lived there in and before 1635. Since our Elizabeth (Thompson) Cogswell was the daughter of Vicar Wm. Thompson, of the Parish of Westbury when she married John, the history of the vicarage is of equal interest since it was from there Elizabeth left to become Mrs. John Cogswell.

I would like to share with you the credit a certain young lady of Jackson deserves in her vital part in the preparation of your newsletter....Kerry Lamb, who prepares the layout, scans in the pictures, and prepares the pages I use to "print" the finished product. While Kerry is paid for this service, I would like you to know she keeps the expense down to "below market"; I couldn't get the newsletter out without her professional participation. By the way, Kerry works for a successful advertising agency here in Jackson and is considered the best in the graphic arts department, as well as in the whole town!

Since everyone has received their list of names and address's of members, another "Claire courtesy", you have an additional opportunity to get acquainted with cousins, perhaps even learning you have closer connection than formerly known. You've heard of pen pals?



JULIUS G. COGSWELL

1915 - 1997

Traverse City, Michigan

Julius G. Cogswell, 81, of Traverse City, died Friday at Munson Medical Center. Born Dec. 29, 1915, in Chattanooga, Tenn., he was the son of Righter A. and Susan (Gould) Cogswell. He graduated from Chattanooga High School in 1934, and from the University of Tennessee in 1938. He started his career with the firm of Haskins & Sells in Atlanta. He served as a 1st. Lt. in the U.S. Army during World War II, and subsequently worked for the

U.S. State Department in Germany.

Following government service, he joined General Motors Corporation Overseas Operations in New York City, and spent nine years at its Buenos Aires, Argentina facility as Assistant Treasurer. In 1978, he retired from General Motors and remained in New York City until the spring of 1995 when he moved to Traverse City.

Julius made many friends wherever he lived or traveled, and treasured each one dearly, including those he met and loved during his short residence in Traverse City. He was a member of the Traverse City Economic Club.

Surviving are his son, Albrecht Cogswell of Traverse City; his brother, Sumter Cogswell of Santa Rosa, Calif., two grandchildren, Harry Cogswell and Heidi Cogswell, both of Battle Creek; two nephews, John Cogswell of British Columbia, Canada, and William "Billy" Cogswell of Cabo San Lucas, Baja California; and two great-grandchildren.

Cremation has taken place. In lieu of flowers, memorials may be directed to the Grand Traverse Area Hospice. Arrangements by the Traverse City Chapel of Covell Funeral Homes.

Discovery and Rescue of a Home (continued from page 1)

continuing into the side wing is what was, and still is, a service



2A. Storeroom adjoining the kitchen for woolen materials from the mill.

and storage area. The first of that contains a well, its mouth covered over with concrete now but the circular trace is still visible. Close by are two coppers, one of them too big for any ordinary domestic use unless it was for large scale brewing. That space is now a workshop with power driven lathe and drilling machine together with vice benches and portable electric and hand tools for any trade having to do with the house restoration. And for restoring obsolete type motor cars, that being a Jones hobby. A blacksmith's anvil is about the only thing missing.

The next space, the one which completes the side wing, is partly a bake house and partly a cow-stall; the floor of the latter being curved down to the centre to provide drainage. So the Cogswell ladies, supposing there had been such tradesmen in their time, had no need to wait for the baker and the milkman. The cow-stall and the bakehouse together with a much larger area of the floor above have not yet

been restored. The Joneses still have a huge amount of work in front of them before that part of their home is brought to the same state of repair as the other parts.

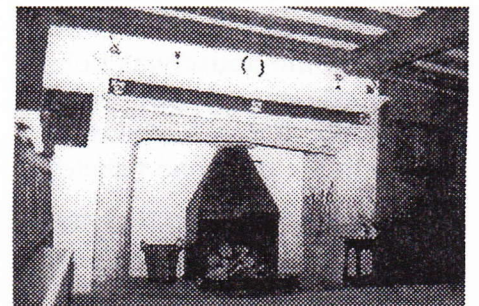
The upstairs part of that wing must have been used for storage and as sleeping quarters for domestics and, very likely, some other persons employed in connection with the business, the latter living-in being a common practice in those days. Able bodied men would be required to be on the premises at all times for sheer security, for the whole of the seventeenth century is noted in history for being lawless and for the almost total uselessness of such guardians of the law as there were. As for lawlessness, the Westbury section of the Victoria History of the Counties of England quotes a writer in those times as stating "the town was noted for rough and turbulent people".

The Cogswell house might well have been more vulnerable to robbery - or worse - than most for it backs on to uneven hilly ground, well wooded then, as it was as late as my boyhood. It is known that that area was once less sparsely inhabited than it is now, there were small farmsteads and the like here and there. And the village, now called Old Dilton, hidden away in its almost secret valley had many more people - including some Cogswells - than it has now. Nevertheless, what with the cover provided by vegetation and the lie of the land, intruders from over the hill could come within fifty yards of the house without being detected; as they could today, even in daylight. Another

risk was the close proximity with Salisbury Plain, less than two miles away to the south. The Plain is rolling downland with hardly a human dwelling place in ten miles, as it still is. So a good place for outlaws, and there were plenty of those about in the days when Edward and John Cogswell were clothiers in Westbury Leigh. Furthermore, with their interest scattered about in the district they most often have been away from home overnight on business; they couldn't leave their wives and children unguarded in such troublous times.

The only way to ensure safety therefore, would be to employ strong and trusty men to act as guards, at least by night, and to have fierce watchdogs loose as well. So counting the families in their turn, both Edward and John had nine children, and adding the domestics and others, there might well have been as many as twenty persons in and about that house of a night. So what with them all, and the valuable stock-in-trade that must have been kept there as well, we can be sure that the service and storage wing was fully occupied more often than not.

Returning to the family part of the ground floor of the street frontage, the present-day kitchen which might have well been the



3. After restoration

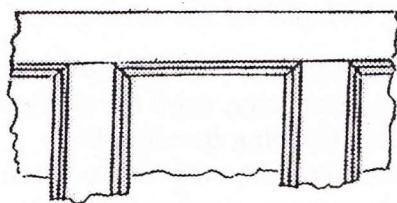
Discovery and Rescue of a Home continued

business room has been dealt with already. Next that, towards the Westbury end of that wing is the room with the fireplace which has played such a great part in establishing the early history of the house. (See pic. #3) Next to that is another room which completes that wing. Those two rooms, one leading out of the other must have been the family suite, as it is today. We might imagine that end room as being the one in which the Cogswell wives entertained their friends; the place where they discussed fashions, talked scandal, and shook their heads in wonderment over the incomprehensible goings on of husbands. The room for "hen parties".

Those rooms are part panelled, and the construction of the panelling in one of them is significant. It consists of the usual framework of stiles and rails with spaces between occupied by the individual panels of thinner wood. An ordinary panelled door is made up in the same way, and examination of one of those will show that the moulded edges of the frame members have been cut at an angle of forty-five degrees at the points where they meet in the corners. That is called a "mitre joint". (See left hand sketch) Here is a significant point: mitre joints did not come into use before early in the seventeenth century, that is, some years after the house was built; that panelling was made without mitre joints, it was made as shown in the right-hand sketch.

The edges of the stiles - the uprights - would probably have been made with a moulding plane, as they could be today,

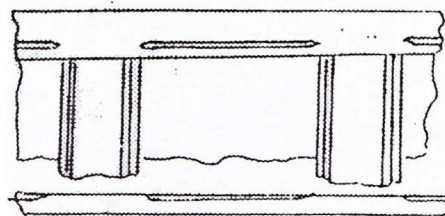
although they would more likely be made with a special type of machine plane, but the edges of



the rails - the horizontals - were not. The moulded edges of those could only have been cut with a chisel and mallet, the chisel having two cutting edges arranged to form a V. The same sort of tool is used by wood carvers today. A tedious task, not to be performed with any sort of hand plane even now. Each cut must start at nothing, slope down to full depth, then go forwards until near the other end of the cut and slope up to nothing again. One false move on the part of the craftsman and the whole rail is spoiled. Peter Jones, a qualified instructor in wood working crafts recognised the significance of that type of moulding and so obtained an approximate confirmation of the age of his house. So would an architect, or an antiquarian, but a casual observer would not. Small cupboards are built in the thickness of the brickwork; the panelled doors of those are moulded the same way.

All that woodwork has been cleaned - which entailed scraping out the grooves and reliefs of many hundreds of feet of moulding - and refinished, as have the great old beams of the ceiling and of such as the wall framing as is exposed. Being so old, all are very dark now, but all show the signs of loving care. Peter

and Mary have chosen comfortable furniture of simple modern design; their floor covering,



Detail of moulding groove on top rail

whether carpets or mats, match the scene perfectly. All is good to look upon.

The staircase rises from the middle of the house. It is narrow and steep, and it changes direction half-way up. It is strong, built of planks rather than boards, as are the floors upstairs. All are dark with age but all have been cleaned and brought to a fair surface like the wood down-



4. Part of original staircase with casing removed

stairs. The bathroom and toilet suite are installed on that floor and are only reached by turning a couple of corners. What a house that would be for children to play hide and seek!

The house framing can be examined in more detail up there. The individual timbers composing the framework are morticed together - no nails. (See pic. #5) Supposing nails big

Discovery and Rescue of a Home concluded

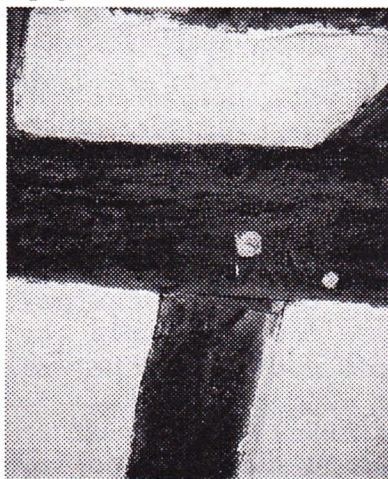
enough had been available in sufficient quantity it is practically impossible to drive a nail any distance into oak without splitting the wood even if the nail



#5 Beams and floor joists in attic looking down

doesn't bend first. Furthermore, iron nails are not compatible with oak - they rust and cause stains, and in time they rot the wood. The stability of the house structure is dependent on the good workmanship of carpenters who lived four hundred years ago.

In places where the timbers joined together they still show register marks deeply incised in the wood for the guidance of the erectors when they assembled the individual pieces. The main frames must have been pre-fabricated elsewhere. Once on the site the parts would be reassembled on



#6 Timber framing showing carpenters chisel markings

flat ground to be hoisted upright by means of rope tackles and some sort of derrick. There is nothing new under the sun.

The quite spacious garden was something of a wilderness at first. It slopes steeply up from the back of the house, and due to natural erosion over a very long time, soil had been washed down to the bank against the house wall. Peter Jones said it was nearly up to the window sills in places. One would have expected that to have made the wall damp in places but it doesn't seem to have done so. Many tons of soil had to be dug away and disposed of, and a retaining wall built to prevent the same thing happening again; the space between the retaining wall and the house has now been paved. The part of the garden nearest the house has been evenly turfed, and the far end of it, the higher end, made into a garden for vegetables.

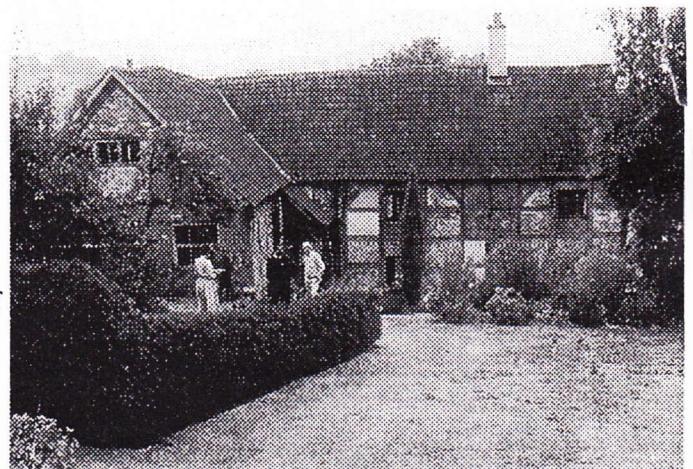
Thus, in years of hard work, work

often dirty and tedious, Peter and Mary

Jones with their two boys rescued what had been the Cogswell house in Westbury Leigh from almost certain dereliction and gave it back the dignity of a family home. More - they patiently searched out the near lost story of its early years with the

result that Cogswells in England and Cogswells in America can add that story to their folklore to tell it again and again throughout the years to come.

Thus a chain of family history between present day Cogswells and their ancestors was made complete. A chain that reached all the way from a village near Westbury in Wiltshire, across the wide Atlantic and the continent on it's farther side. A chain made complete by the energy and persistence of Peter and Mary Jones, and their meeting, by remote chance, with a man who had known the last Cogswell family to live in Westbury. The final link in the chain was put into place by the last Cogswell children to be born in Westbury; my two sisters, Winifred and Betty, both of



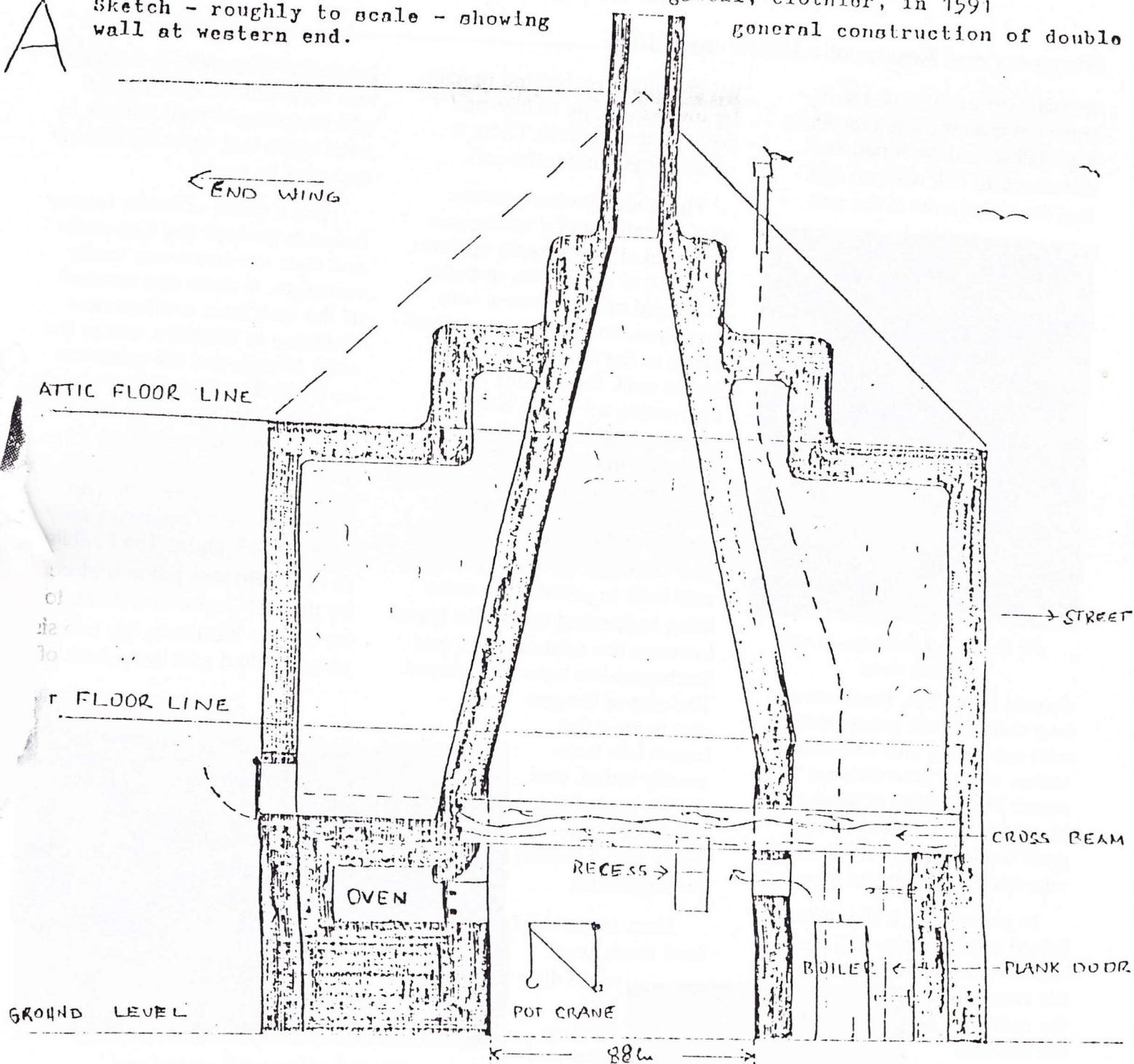
#7. Back of house with renewed yard

whom occasionally exchange letters with Cogswell descendents in the U.S.A. And the whereabouts of the home of their ancestors became known to Cogswells as far as six thousand miles apart.



House at Westbury Leigh, built for Edward Cogswell, clothier, in 1591
 Sketch - roughly to scale - showing
 wall at western end. general construction of double

A



The end wall of the front wing of the house is double with the space between divided into three by brickwork partitions from ground floor to attic. This gives a fire-space 54 inches from front to back and 88 inches wide as shown. A wooden beam, 13 inches deep and 8 inches thick forms the top of the fireplace opening. This beam - part of which is shown above - gives some support to the inner wall etc. An oven with an iron door is formed in the solid masonry to the left of the fireplace. This oven has an open fronted smoke channel leading into the chimney. The vacant space above the oven roof could be entered - by a boy - through an opening through the wall from the adjoining room. This opening is closed by a hinged flap. The bottom of the otherwise vacant space to the right of the fireplace is now occupied by a gas-fired domestic boiler with a tubular vent passing up through the side space and through the house roof. No upward flowing currents of air can be detected in either of these side spaces.

The opening through the partition wall close to the present boiler appears to be part of the original construction; so does the plank door.

The inner wall, above the beam, which extends right across that part of the house, is indicated thus:-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR... in his own words from a letter dated 17 August 1979: Lt. Commander Reginald James Cogswell



Elkins of Bratton and Mrs. Betty Callaghan of Westbury Wilts.

I am Reginald James Cogswell, a retired Lieutenant Commander of the Royal Navy and brother to Mrs. Winifred

I grew up knowing very little of the story of my family except that for generations down to the time of my grandfather they had been clothiers in Trowbridge, also that at some time in the past, some members of the family had emigrated to America. And that they had prospered there, so much so that they had been in a position to have a book written about their doings on that side of the Atlantic. But they didn't lose interest in the land of their forebears or in their kinsfolk, as an incident in, about, 1913 was to prove.

Although only a small boy at the time I distinctly remember hearing my father telling my mother of how, that day, two men had called on him at his place of business and had questioned him about the history of the family. They gave him to understand that they were seeking information for Cogswells in America. Whether they were members of the family or professional researchers acting on their behalf was never clear to me, but whichever they were, left my father with the impression that they knew more about his family than he did.

My father, Frederick Cogswell, died in 1925 but in his lifetime, although communicative enough in the ordinary way, as well as being extremely kind to us, he was strangely reticent about the circumstances of his early life; but he did know about the Cogswell book written in America and he did know that some not very close relatives of his occasionally exchanged letters with Cogswells in that country.

So matters rested until late in 1931 by which time, after some years of foreign service afloat and with a spell of home service before me, I had married. About that time it came to light that my father's second cousin, who had maintained occasional contact with Cogswells in America, had constructed a partial family tree. She had done that partly with the help of a Trowbridge clergyman with an interest in genealogy and partly with the help of Cogswells in America. Her name was Helena Cogswell, otherwise Nellie, who I had never heard of until then. Neither did I see her family tree itself until many years afterwards, well after her time.

Some years later while serving as the electrical engineer officer in the cruiser HMS Exeter on the American and West Indies Station, I received an invitation from a Mr. William Cogswell to visit him if ever I chanced to come to New York. The chance came in 1939 when the ship was in the port for a few days as part of the British presence at the New York Worlds Fair. William was the first male Cogswell I had

ever seen, apart from my father and his brother. And it was at his home, high up in an apartment building on East 68th Street that I first saw a copy of the Cogswells in America book. A book printed in 1884 and which my father had told me about so many years before. Perhaps I was the first English Cogswell to ever see it.

Time did not allow me to read more than a few pages of the historic book but I did learn from it that the earliest records available showed our family as living in the parish of Westbury Wilts and not in Trowbridge as we in England had always supposed.

By that time, we in the ship Exeter, having been out for two and a half years, were expecting orders for home. But the coming of the war kept us on the station; only after having fought, and won, the battle of the River Plate were we able to limp painfully home in February of 1940. My account of that terrible battle and what came afterwards has its place in the Cogswell family records.

I learnt nothing more of our family history until about 1972 by which time my dear wife had died after giving me many happy years of romantic love. The sons she gave me were out in the world raising families of their own while I stayed alone in the home we had made after my service at sea was done. It was in that year that my sister Betty was shown the family tree which Nellie Cogswell had produced more than twenty years before. Nellie had left it with some other

ABOUT THE AUTHOR *(continued)*

family papers, to her more immediate relatives, and they let Betty make a copy of it. They also gave her photocopies of some pages out of the Cogswells in America book, one of which contained the will of Edward Cogswell, clothier of Westbury Leigh. In that will Edward left his dwelling house to his wife Alice with reversion to his son John - who went to America in 1635. The will also disposed of other real estate in which he had an interest in the area.

The foregoing paragraphs - except the first two - outline all the information about the early history of our family that I had until 1975 - or ever expected to have. My sisters may have had a few more details, but their lives have always been centred on Westbury whereas mine has not.

It will be clear then that nearly all of what my sisters and I know of the Cogswells who lived in the Parish of Westbury nearly four hundred years ago came to us by way of America.

But for our kinsfolk there, as far as we are concerned, all knowledge of them could have been lost forever. However, the discovery in 1975 of the old Cogswell homestead in Westbury Leigh, although we had nothing to do with it other than admire the efforts of the people who brought it about, has gone a long way to redress the balance. And I, as the last Cogswell man to be born in Westbury Wilts can write about it and so record a chapter to be added to the story of the Cogswells. The result is attached to this letter.

While writing that it gradually

came into my mind that an attractive writing project for the coming winter would be to write down what I know, or could find out, about how the clothier Cogswells of Westbury Leigh lived their lives and conducted their business in their corner of the West of England which, in their days was the most highly industrialised part of the kingdom. Some verbatim extracts from the Cogswells in America book, the account herein, extended a little, with some later history of the English Cogswells to form part of the whole.

My winters since my wife died have been spent writing, not with a view to publication, but simply to please myself and - I hope - my family and friends. Doing that has brought me to a tranquil acceptance of my loss. With one exception my subjects hitherto have been my experiences at sea, some of which were worth recording; the project for this winter will be rather different.

Part of my plan is to take Edward Cogswell's will and search out and describe whatever is left of the properties mentioned. Except for the dwelling house at "Leigh" it turns out that they were fulling mills, or tucking mills which is the same thing. I also intend to describe, with illustrations as necessary, the processes carried out in those mills and the tools and machinery used. For both these purposes I have managed to accumulate a fair sized file of information - and there is more to come. Fortunately industrial archaeologists have ensured the preservation of examples of these old

things. Another aspect to be touched upon, but briefly, is the economic and legal conditions under which the clothiers of those times had to work. In aid of all this I have been so fortunate as to meet an eminent textile historian who was so kind as to give me access to hitherto unpublished material; that taught me a lot about the later Cogswell clothiers. Other people have given me the benefit of their knowledge and experience too - including a landlord of a country pub - the White Hart Inn at Corsley on the county boundary between Wiltshire and Somerset.

Something about people the Cogswells knew, or were their friends, must be written too. The Whitakers for instance. They were clothiers also. No Westbury pie without a Whitaker finger in it! "My well beloved Jeffrey Whitaker" was named as an overseer of Edward Cogswell's will. Whitaker descendants live in the Westbury area still. My father dealt with them in the course of his business, Winnie and Betty know four of a later generation. I used to know one. And the Adlams - they were wealthy clothiers. Robert Cogswell married an Adlam daughter. Clothiers sons tended to marry clothiers daughters, and vice-versa. A later generation, Jeffrey Whitaker, courted a Mary Adlam but she threw him over for another man; poor Jeffrey stayed single all his life.

And I must describe the countryside in which they earned their livings. Being brought up in the district I know the shape of the land; that doesn't change; and the streams that drove the

ABOUT THE AUTHOR *(concluded)*

Cogswell mills still flow. There are the roads they must have used to be looked to as well. Though most of them are now surfaced and realigned for motor traffic there are still a few that are little better than tracks.

I have found ancient buildings the Cogswells must have known - and a surprising number of those there are; some, modernised and extended, are still used as homes. The owners are very proud of them, so they should be, those houses weren't built of soft bricks and firewood as so many new houses are today. Already I have been inside three, having been invited in to take a cup of tea. Following those out-of-the-way tracks and lanes is good testing for my new car; and better fun for me than motorways and busy A Class roads. I have received much kindly guidance. Country people are very courteous. I carry a copy of Edward Cogswell's will as if it were a calling card. The sight of that has produced enthusiasm and help from utter strangers beside the ways that Edward Cogswell and John his son once knew.

I find this form of research a fascinating occupation whereas I hesitate to attempt serious genealogical investigation which, if carried out unskillfully, would most likely lead other inquirers astray and so waste their efforts. However, I do feel able to produce a written description of, at least, some parts of the background against which our ancestors lived their lives, and by doing so add something to the written story of our family.

Your letter to Win also enclosed a copy of the proposed constitution for the American Association of Cogswell Descendants which is to be based on the Cogswell College of Engineering in San Francisco. That is another American port I went to while in HMS Exeter. But I didn't see the college. But you will agree that there is much to see in that wonderful city and magnificent harbour. An American writer named Jackson called it the "harbour of silver mist". So it is.

Perhaps the association would like to receive a copy of what I intend to write this winter; and it may like to receive, in due course, some of my past writings, being all of personal experience, they are all Cogswell family history.

Or maybe copies of the writing enclosed with this letter may be acceptable.

I am, dear lady
Yours sincerely
/s/ Reg Cogswell

Reginald died October, 1990. But not before he completed and published an extensive work about the Cogswells and the industry of being clothiers, in 1983. And what a wonderful accounting it is and adds so much to the knowledge of our heritage. For availability write: James Thompson, President, Cogswell Polytechnical College, 1175 Bordeaux Drive, Sunnyvale, CA 94089.



WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS:

RAY COGSWELL,
Fredericton, New
Brunswick

IAN & MERDITH
COGSWELL,
Ottawa Ontario

GLENN D. COGSWELL,
Topeka, Kansas

NADIA COGSWELL,
Dewitt, Michigan

FYI:

Edith Hall, author of "The Cogswell Girls" A Family History 1888 - 1923, has reported she has a few remaining copies of her book. 193 pp, name index and many fine pictures. Her Jameson lineage: John 1, John 2, Samuel 3, Samuel 4, Hezekiah 5, Aaron 6, Daniel 7, Benjamin 8, Rupert 9; is extended down through three additional generations. For details please write to: Edith Chapman Hall, 1118 Walnut Grove Ave., Rosemead, CA 91770-3706.

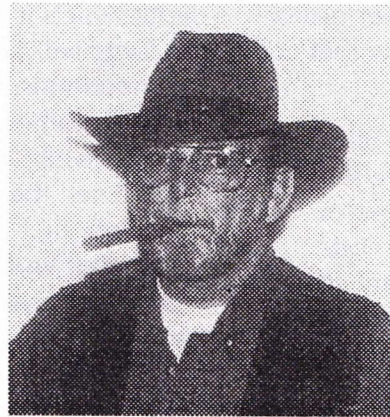


"Cleaning your house while your kids are still growing is like shoveling the walk before it stops snowing." - Phyllis Diller

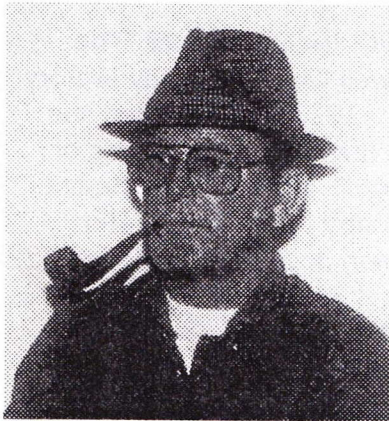
LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR HISTORIAN: DONALD JAMES COGSWELL AND TO OUR SECRETARY: CLAIRE DAIGLE



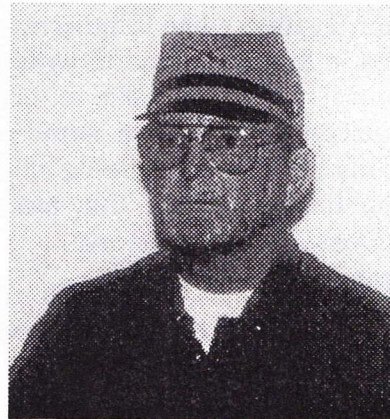
In the beginning, as CFA Historian he was all too innocent of what he was about to assume. Without disguise:



Now we have the Researcher, Writer, Data Expert, who, with THIS hat says: "I'm on top of it all!"



Having quickly passed Internship our "Super Sleuth" who has unraveled many records, now requires a NEW hat:



Our man for all occasions: our Confederate Representative at Charleston!



AND IF YOU AREN'T ACQUAINTED WITH OUR SECRETARY CLAIRE DAIGLE, WHO LABORS TIRELESSLY, PERFORMING A VARIETY OF FUNC-

TIONS THAT CONTRIBUTE TO THE SUCCESS OF THE COGSWELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION, LET ME TELL YOU SOME OF WHAT SHE DOES FOR US: All the way from sending thoughtful birthday cards to each and every member, to sending out invitations to join our Association to EVERY lead that comes to her attention.

Ordering CIA books to offer new members. Keeping the editor informed of new members; answering letters of inquiry; running off mailing labels, and probably several others items we never hear about.

Claire has been the Secretary continually, from the beginning of the CFA in 1989, and has willingly become our membership-committee.

She was also the hostess for the second reunion held at Pemaquid, Maine. Anyone having had this responsibility knows what a labor of love that has to be.

When you see her, express just how much you appreciate the time and effort she has invested in OUR Association. And HER birthday is in September, if you care to take note.

OUR CHILDREN... A Very Special Daughter, by Pat Cogswell ———

On Tuesday, May 10, 1966, a very special event happened in my life. I gave birth to a beautiful little red-headed girl, Denise Lorraine Cogswell. Little did I know that this would be my only child and a very special one indeed. I'd like to tell you about her, a daughter as well as best friend.

Denise was a good baby, who stood up and walked around the room on her first birthday. Before I knew it, she was in first grade, and loved every minute of going to school. By the time she was in junior high, she was on the honor roll every semester. On a weekend sailing trip with her dad and I, she heard someone playing the violin in another sailboat and said that's what she wanted to do. So off to the music store to find the right violin for the new musician, who only took lessons at school and played exceptionally well. She entered competition and got good marks.

When she entered high school, she surprised her dad and I by giving up the violin, and joining the chorus. What a lovely surprise we had, when she sang her first solo at a Christmas concert, and we said, "we didn't know she could sing, much less so beautifully". Before long, she was singing a solo at the open house for the freshmen, performing the National Anthem at football games, singing in school plays, and competing for the All-State Chorus. Not only did she make the Maryland All-State Chorus, but qualified for the Mid-Atlantic Regional Chorus. Despite her busy schedule, Denise continued to maintain her honor roll status throughout

high school, and usually without much effort. By the end of her sophomore year she only needed one more English credit in her junior year and she would be able to graduate. So she hunkered down, took that extra credit and graduated when she was only 17.

After graduation, she enrolled in Junior College and proceeded to join the college chorus. One year later, she received a special invitation to join the Annapolis Opera Company. But by this time she had other plans, she was in love, and moved away from home to the Norfolk, Virginia area.

Two years later, she was married, and then her name became Tucker. She worked in an import office and decided after a few years that she would like to be a licensed customs broker. So she took night classes to prepare for the test.

After seven years, Denise decided that this man just wasn't her life's partner and she moved back home. She took the customs broker test and officially passed on the first try. Shortly thereafter, she gave birth to our grandson, James Kelsey Cogswell. This was an exciting time, as doctors had told her for years she wouldn't have any children.

Needless to say, all our lives changed with Denise back home and a new baby in the house. I love being a Grammy and try hard to let her do what she seems to do best of all, love, encourage and nurture James.

In 1994, Denise lost her job,

but that made her try even harder to improve herself. After many long months, she was employed with another import broker. Just seven months later she said there was an opening in Detroit, Michigan, for an Import Manager and she was going for an interview; her boss thought she was a good candidate. A one day trip to Detroit for her interview, she came home and announced she was accepting the promotion; a great opportunity for her and a surprise to me.

Denise and James have lived in Detroit for nearly two years now and she has managed to make me even prouder. With the most wonderful outlook on life, she goes to work every day, continues to love, encourage and nurture James. She began looking for a house so James could have a yard to play in, and a bigger train table in the basement!

I've told you this to let you know how proud I am of our daughter, who looks like my twin, except with red hair. And with such good character, and responsibility, any mother would be proud to say, "See that red-head over there? She's MY daughter!"

Thanks to Pat Cogswell for sharing her daughter, "and friend", and would there be any doubt that father and Historian, Don Cogswell would display an "enlarged chest" if this were on video!

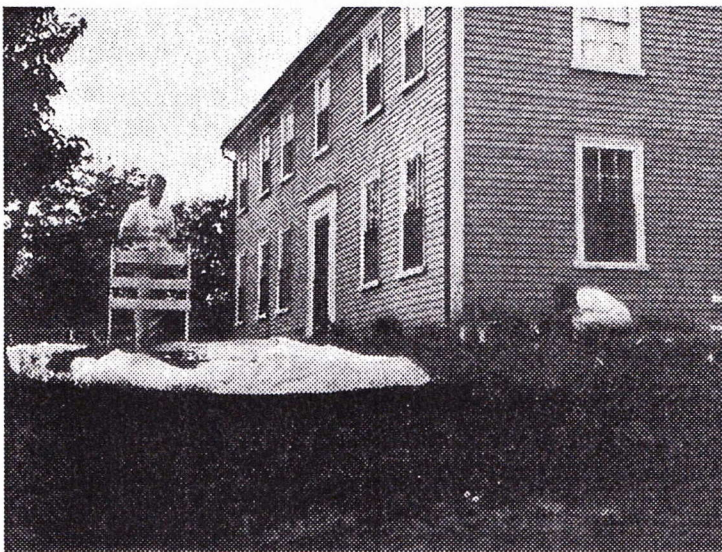
SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF NEW ENGLAND ANTIQUITIES

During the past two seasons, archaeological investigations have been carried out at SPNEA's Cogswell's Grant, the summer home of Bertram K. and Nina Fletcher Little in Essex, Mass., in preparation for the installation of an improved drainage system. The excavations were undertaken to satisfy both SPNEA's preservation needs and the requirements of the Massachusetts Historical Commission and the Department of Interior.

Excavations in 1995, directed by consulting archaeologist Dr. Kathleen Wheeler, revealed the foundation of an earlier dwelling beneath a portion of the existing house. Evidence indicated that the earlier dwelling had been constructed during the last quarter of the 17th century, during the life of William Cogswell (1651-1700), and demolished around 1770. The excavations yielded demolition debris, including most of a case-ment window with lead comes and diamond-shaped glass, as well as large quantities of bone, ceramics, and metal objects such as brass and pewter spoons, buckles, and nails. The discovery of the house foundation confirms theories proposed by architectural historians that the western, earliest portion of the existing house (c. 1730) had been built up against an existing structure. Archaeological evidence has now confirmed that was in fact the case; about 1770, the older

structure was removed and replaced by the present east end of the house.

The 1996 excavations, led by SPNEA Staff Archaeologist Myron Stachiw, located two late 18th-century trash deposits with butchered animal bones (mostly cow and pig), red earthenware



Archaeology at Cogswell's Grant - Winter 1996

milk pans and jugs, and smoking pipes.

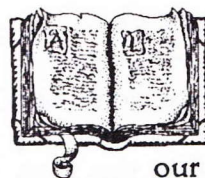
A large circular stone foundation, probably the remains of a cistern to collect rainwater, was also found. It appears to date from the late 18th century, when much of New England suffered over a decade of lower than usual rainfall. Quantities of prehistoric material—pottery, stone tools, and debris from chipping stone tools—were also found. The discovery of prehistoric Native American artifacts is no surprise; located on a peninsula of high ground along the Essex River and surrounded by salt marsh, the site was perfectly

suited for habitation by Native Americans.

The investigation also revealed new information about Cogswell's Grant's landscape history. SPNEA had previously believed that the series of earthen terraces that fall away towards the marsh had been

constructed at the same time as the oldest part of the present house, around 1730.

Excavations revealed that the terraces were in fact created during the middle decades of the 19th century. Archaeology has added greatly to SPNEA's understanding of the property and will influence decisions about how best to preserve and interpret it for the public.



PLEASE NOTE:

It will be helpful if those who plan to order

our upcoming book,

"Descendants of John Cogswell"
to be available the latter part of 1997 (if all goes as expected!), will drop a card to Secretary Claire Daigle, 21 Old Belchertown Rd., Ware, MA 01082. Also please indicate the number of copies you may be interested in purchasing. The cost is not yet available, but will most likely be announced in the August Courier.

"I'm not going to vacuum until Sears makes one you can ride" – Roseanne.

A FOUNTAIN OF WATER FOR TEMPERANCE —

Rockville, Connecticut: OOPS, HENRY! BAD TIMING?

Here is the story of the Cogswell Fountain in Central Park, which for more than twenty years held a secret as elusive as that of the Sphinx.

Early in January, 1882, William T. Cogswell received a letter from his cousin, Dr. Henry D. Cogswell of San Francisco, offering to give a drinking fountain to the town, if it could be accepted upon terms prescribed by the doctor, if not, the gift would be bestowed elsewhere.

Delighted with the prospect, the town officials eagerly "Resolved that the Town accept the ornamental Drinking Fountain generously donated by Dr. Cogswell, for which the Town hereby expresses its grateful acknowledgments and extends its cordial thanks...." A photograph was placed conspicuously in the Rockville post office to give citizens the opportunity of inspection. A detailed plan supplemented the picture: dimensions of the foundation; the step to the platform; the inscription; and most challenging, the sight of the donor of "the Guardian of the Fountain," with modern dress, six and a half feet high, resting on his left foot, presenting a cup of cold water with

the right hand and holding a scroll or temperance pledge in the left hand.

1883, and ready for shipment from Bridgeport, a few members of the committee went down to Bridgeport, and when they saw what they thought was a monstrosity, they were flabbergasted. They didn't know what to do. The gift had been accepted by the Town without a ripple of dissension, so they returned home with sealed lips. When the fountain arrived there was no formal dedication, for sentiment had grown into resentment. Many expressed themselves volcanically. They did not like the inscription in honor of a living citizen, they abhorred the statue on top of the monument, not because of the figure on it, but because of the metallic cup of water in one hand and a temperance pledge in the other.

The moral ceiling was low at that time. Controversy on the liquor question in the town was very bitter as the town voted for licensing in 1881, 1882, 1883, and against in 1884. The blood pressure in 1885 was up to a new all time high, for on the morning of the fourth of July of that year citizens raised their eyebrows as they looked at the

Cogswell fountain. The statue of the Guardian of the Fountain had mysteriously disappeared in the night. Wagon tracks were traced to Snipsic Lake where the trail ended. The statue was found and several days later was fished out of the mud, given a good scrubbing, and one night returned to the monument. But it again disappeared.

On the Fourth of July, 1908, there was a mammoth Centennial celebration here, and lo, wonder of wonders, the statue reappeared. It stood alongside the Cogswell fountain bearing the label, "I've come back for Old Home Week!" The incident caused more talk and excited more curiosity than any other subject among the thousands of visitors on that memorable occasion.

Years ago news out of Rockville was seldom worth more than a few inches in the Hartford papers, but a Sunday issue of the Courant devoted half a page to the story with heading, "From Pedestal to Poor House—The Fate of the Guardian of the Fountain." After the week's celebration, it was found the statue had no visible means of support, so was sent to the Town Farm—the poor house. It was sold for junk in World War I.

A BIT OF DESTINY? —

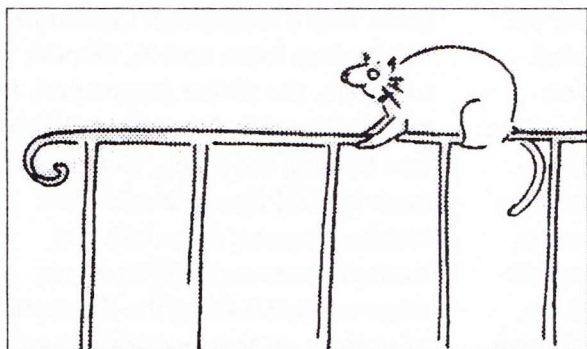
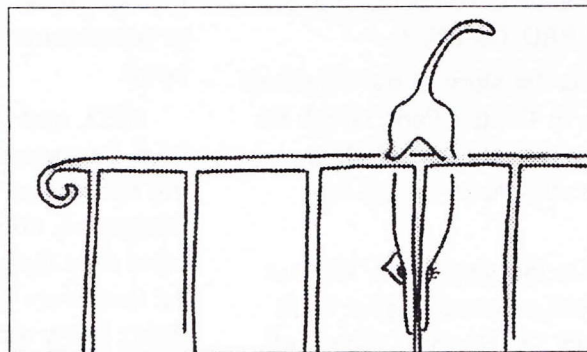
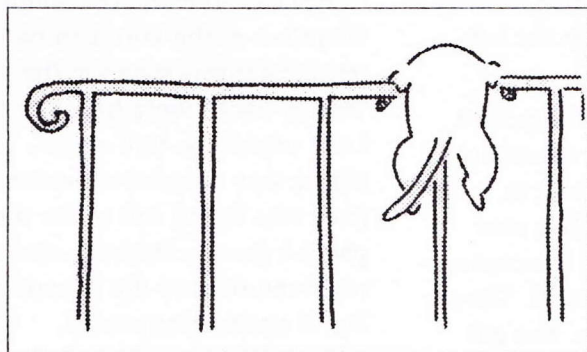
Approximately ten years ago while doing a temporary job at a major insurance company, in Los Angeles, I was placed near an employee with whom I exchanged daily pleasantries. This led to sharing what our hobbies were, discovering we both had a strong interest in genealogy. As our friendship developed we uncovered a few surprises. Let me tell you how it evolved: I mentioned my genealo-

gy was a great part in Massachusetts, as I was born in Boston. She responded, "I was born in Malden". Then we learned we both had ancestors in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Now retired and living in Atlanta, GA she found surfing on the internet a very enjoyable pastime. Aware of my Cogswell connection she kept me informed when another 'surfer' was looking for Cogswell info. This

effort on her part has yielded a member for the CFA.

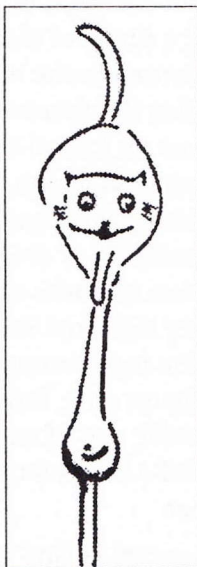
Then one day about four months ago I received a phone call from my very excited friend in Atlanta...she had found HER Cogswell connection! We are real cousins, added to an already rewarding friendship! Let me introduce you to Audrey Smith who is now a CFA member! — Bernice Sonna

My four legged companion says . . .

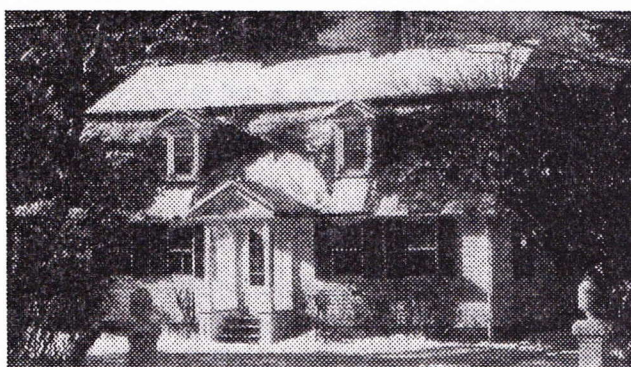


"Try new things!"

(A bit of humor to lighten our "grave" history.)



"COGSWELL" AT PEIRSON PLACE



PEIRSON PLACE

1238 State Rd. (Route 41)
Richmond, Massachusetts 01254
(413) 698-2750 (800) 443-8062

Peirson Place is an Historical Landmark of Berkshire County. It comprises two houses and numerous outbuildings on spacious

landscaped grounds, a pond, tree farm, and 200 acres of wooded hillside.

The smaller house "Cogswell" was built in 1762 by Joseph Cogswell, "blacksmith", on land he bought twice, first

from the Indians, and when the sale was not recognized by them, from the Colonial Proprietors of Berkshire County. In 1770 he sold 3 acres for an added water supply to the tannery Nathan Peirson "shoemaker and tanner" was building on the adjacent 100 acre land grant. The

Peirson Tannery Accounts began 1772.

The Cogswell sons and Nathan Peirson were Miutemen in the American Revolution serving at Bennington and Ticonderoga.

In 1789 Capt. Peirson bought "Cogswell" from the Cogswell estate giving it as a wedding gift to his oldest daughter. Peirson Place today is a modern country inn but is little changed from the engraving in the J.B.Beer's 1885 "History of Berkshire County."

Owned by CFA member, Margaret Kingman.

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